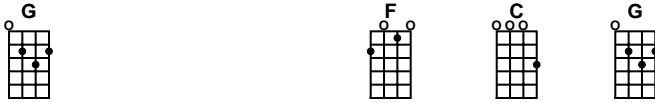
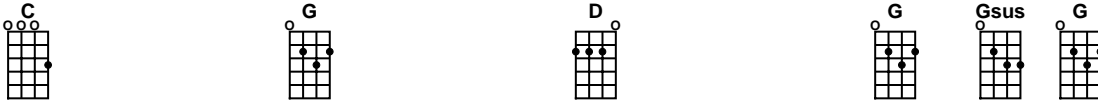


# Son of a Son of a Sailor - Jimmy Buffett



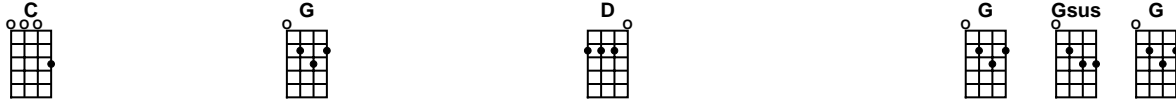
As the son of a son of a sailor, I went out on the sea for adventure



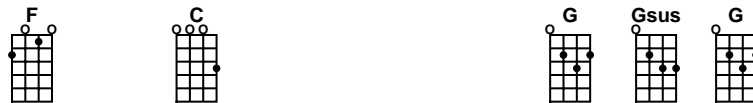
Expanding the view of the captain and crew, like a man just released from indenture \



As a dreamer of dreams and a travelin' man, I have chalked up many a mile.



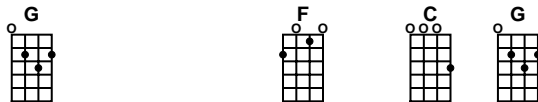
Read dozens of books about heroes and crooks, and I learned much from both of their styles. \



Son of a son, Son of a son, Son of a son of a sailor. \



Son of a gun, Load the last ton, One step ahead of the jailor. \



Now way in the near future, Southeast of dis - order









You can shake the hand of the mango man, as he greets you at the border












And the lady, she hails from Trin-i-dad, Island of the spices














Salt for your meat, and cinnamon sweet, and the rum is for all your good vices. \












  
 Haul the sheet in as we ride on the wind that our fore-fathers harnessed before us \ \











  
 Hear the bells ring as the tide rigging sings. It's a son of a gun of a chorus \ \










  
 Now where it all ends, I can't fathom my friends. If I knew I might toss out my anchor







  
 So I'll cruise along always searching for songs. Not a lawyer, a thief or a banker \ \






  
 But a son of a son, Son of a son, Son of a son of a sailor. \ \






  
 Son of a gun, Load the last ton, One step ahead of the jailor. \ \






  
 I'm a son of a son, Son of a son, Son of a son of a sailor. \ \






  
 The sea's in my veins, my tradition remains, I'm just glad I don't live in a trailer. \ \